

NILLYCHANKIE

To be sung with its own proper Tune.

CLAVERS and his Highland men,
came down upon the Row then
Who being stout gave many a Clout
The Lads began to claw then,
With sword and Targets in their Hands,
where with they were not slow then
And Clank m Claskim on their Crowns
the Lads began to claw then
2 O'er brink and Bank o're ditch and flank,
her Brak among them a then
The Butter Box got many knocks
their Riggers pay'd for a then;
They got their pakes with sudden strikes;
which to their grief they saw then
And double duns upon their Rumps,
the Lads began to fa then
3 Her Skipt about, and leant about
her fling among them a then,
The English blades got broken Heads,
their Crown her slave in twa then,
The Durk and Door, made their last hour,
such was their final fa then,
They thought the Devil had been there
that gave them such a paw then.
4 Jack Presbyter and's Covenant,
came Whigging up the Hill, then,
Thought Highland Trews, would not refuse
for to subscribe his Bill then,
In Willie's name, he thought na one
would stop the Deed at a, then,
But her nane tel Shuck, with many knock,
cry'd, Wherry Whiggs awa, then,
5 Sir Hugh M' Dow, with his Men true,
came Skipping o're the Brink, then,
The Hagen Dutch, that feared such,
they bled a nould blink then,
The true Melan, his gate ha' gine,
and came up in a raw, then
None could withstand his heavy hand
he strike with such a paw then,
6 Oh on o Ri, oh on o Ri,
why should we lose King James then,
O rigen die, O rigen die!
her break all him, Banes, then
Pure nish but stay a while;
to speak a word or twa, then,
And take a strike upon him's neck,
before him gang away, then,
7 Fy for shame him's twa for aye,
and yet hers win the day, then,
King James Red Coats should be hang'd up
because they fled way, then,
Had bent him's Brows like Highland Trews
and made as long a stay, then,
Her kept her'd King, that Sacred thing,
and Willy had gon away, then.
8 Now Shenslemen and Caveleers;
come joyn with her nane sell, then,
For to root out the Dutch Recruit,
and ding them down to Hell then
We'll meet at aye for our King James;
and think it no great pain then
To set him on his Royal Thron
let each man have his ain then

An ANSWER to KILLYCHANKIE

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To be sung with the Tune of Killychrankie.

YOU Highland men with Tongue and Pen
what need you so to boast then,
At Killychrankie what you wan,
it was unto your loss then,
My Lord Dundee the best of ye,
into the Fields did fa then,
And great Pitcurr, fell in a furr
who could not win awa then.
2 And at Dunkel, right fast you fell,
tho you thought well to win then,
But fy for shame I scarce can tell,
how to the Hills you ran then.
O Fure nish, but stay a while,
to speak a word or twa then,
With eaker Trews, and heavy news,
unto the Hills you draw then,
3 At Cromb'd-hill, you got your fill,
for you we did not spare then,
To beat your Bones till o're the Stones;
you ran with Buttocks bare then,
And many crack behind your back,
senlyne we never saw then,
Your Fools face hath little Grace,
can do na good at a then,
4 The Buchan Lads like unto Cards,
planted on Achale hills then,
Together came, to make a sham;
shloking to get their will then,
At Aberdeen they did come in,
but there they durst not stay then,
Nor make attempt for fear the Hemp;
at length their necks should draw then
5 From Aberdeen in haft they hy;
unto Donover, came then,
Where Earl of Marchal then did ly;
a Man of worthy fame then,
And General Buchan did demand,
his House that they might have there
But he so bravely did defend,
I hat they prov'd but like Knaves there,
6 They hois'd up sail, and turn'd their tall
and straight towards the North then,
And for to join to get some Coyn,
fra the Earl of Seaforth then
But he was wiser then they thought;
and never thinks to part sue,
With what he got by his good lot,
like Fools from thence their way gae.
7 Ther's Frenderets Lord, and Oliphant,
and Duglass them all three there;
We have bereav'd them of their holds
no more now they can so there
And Davie Graham thinks meikle shame
With the Earl of Dunkel then
And turn-Coat Pet, looks now to blear
himself he's like to hang then
8 Dumfermling drives his spur-gald Horse
and Buchan whips with wand then,
Cannon like a weary Cors
follows up the Band then,
My Lord Seaforth flies frae the North
unto the Court to dwell there
He's made a swear for maby Year,
he never will Rebel mair.